Cref. Then ſweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee ſhall vnbolt the gates.
Troyl. Trouble him not,
To bed to bed: ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troyl. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me?
Troyl. O *Creſſeida*! but that the buſie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.
Tro. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe ſtaies
As tediouſly as hell, But flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary ſwift then thought,
You will catch colde and curſe me.
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O fooliſh *Creſſeid*, I might haue ſtill held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke there's one vp.
Pand. Whats all the doores open heere?
Troyl. It is your Vncle.
Cref. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking?
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Creſſeid*?
Cref. Go hang your ſelfe, you naughty mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo—and then you flout me to,
Pand. To do what, to do what? let her ſay what,
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cref. Come, come, beſhrew your heart, youle neere be good,
nor ſuffer others.
Pand. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *chipochia*, haſt
not ſlept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
ſleepe, a bug-beare take him.
Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and ſee. *One knocks.*

My